

TWELVE SONGS
and a
CANTATA

Sett, to Musick in Score,

*And are most Humbly Inscribed, to M^{rs} Trevarion,
Widow of William Trevarion Esq^r of Caerhays, Cornwall.
Member of Parliament for Tregony, in the
said County.*

By Her most Obedient

*and
Most Humble Servant,*

Charles Bennett.

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O F

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SONG. I.

1

The Words by M^r Wolcot.

Sym:

Vio: 1^{mo}

Allegro Moderato

Vio: 2^{do}

Flauto con Voce

Basso

Smil-ing Skies re-pair, And Sun-il-lumin'd Vales, and Sun-il-

lumin'd Vales: No Sigh, no mur-mur

haunts the Shade, But Blessings crown the Plain, Here calm Con-tent-ment

Heav'n born Maid, and Peace the Che...rub reign, and Peace the Che-rub

reign.

2

O'come, for Thee my Roses bloom;
 The deep Carnation glows,
 For Thee, sweet Violets breath Perfume,
 The white rob'd Lilly blows,
 For Thee, their Streams the Nays roll,
 The daised Hills are gay,
 Where, Emblems of Amelia's Soul,
 The spotless Lambkins play.

3

From Vale, to Vale, the Zephyrs rove,
 To rob th' unfolding Flow'rs,
 And Music melts in ev'ry Grove,
 To charm thy rural Hours;
 The warbling Lark, high poisd in Air,
 Exerts its tunefull Pride,
 Stud'ous to please Amelia Fair,
 Who pleases all beside.

SONG. II.

Vio: 1^{mo} *Sym:*

Vio: 2^{do} *Affettuoso*

Viola.

Basso

Sequester'd in a lonely Vale, When absent from his Love, The Turtle tells his mournfull

Tale, And sighing fills the Grove; Eccho, sweet Nymph, re-peats his Strains, And

bears them to the distant Plains; Eccho, sweet Nymph, repeats his strains, And

bears them to the distant Plains.

2
When e'er despoil'd, by Village Hinds,
Is Philomela's Nest,
Soon as the cruel loss she finds,
What Sorrow swells her Breast,
And as she mourns her infant Young,
How sadly pleasing is her Song.

3
Sweet Warbler could my artless Strain,
Like thine delight the Ear,
Eccho thro' many a distant Plain,
My pit'ous Notes shoud hear,
Whilst I of ev'ry Joy forlorn,
In Sighs my Cloes absence mourn.

4
Fly, Eccho fly, to Cloe haste,
my fervent Pass'on tell,
Go gentle Air, and fan her Breast,
With many an am'rous Gale,
Round her, in wanton Eddies play,
And ev'ry Flame, but Loves allay.

SONG. III.

The Words by Miss Pitfield,

Vio: 1^{mo} *Andante*
 Vio: 2^d *Andante*
 Basso

When Phoebus was driving, his Carr to the Sea, and had almost compleated his
 Task for the Day, and had almost compleated his Task for the Day,
 The Zephyrs, blow'd cool ly, the Meadows a long; And Birds, sweetly chanted, their

The musical score is written for three parts: Violin 1 (Vio: 1^{mo}), Violin 2 (Vio: 2^d), and Bass (Basso). The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 3/4. The score consists of three systems of music. The first system has three staves. The second system has three staves with lyrics. The third system has three staves with lyrics. The lyrics are: 'When Phoebus was driving, his Carr to the Sea, and had almost compleated his Task for the Day, and had almost compleated his Task for the Day, The Zephyrs, blow'd cool ly, the Meadows a long; And Birds, sweetly chanted, their'. The music features various musical notations including notes, rests, and fingerings.

ev - en - tide Song; By a soft gliding Stream, in a close woven Shade, The

Sym:

love-lorn Philander, despairing was laid.

2

With^e Willow's pale green, both his Temples he wreath'd,
 While his Daphne, grown false, in sad Accents he breath'd;
 His Pipe, that gave Joy, when his Heart was at Ease,
 Had lost its sweet Pow'r and no longer could please
 His Crook had lain by, and his dear fleecy Charge,
 Was left quite neglected, to wander at large.

3

Long time with pure Ardour, the fair One he lov'd,
 While his Vows she receiv'd, and his Passion approv'd,
 And when e'er, the fond Shepherd, declar'd his soft Flame,
 She own'd her kind Bosom, for him felt the same,
 Till Strephon, ah! luckless, was thrown in her way,
 Who taught her Heart change, and first led it astray.

4

O! Ye Nymphs, and ye Shepherds, who hear the fond Swain,
 Of his ill fated Passion, thus deeply complain,
 With Pity attend, and lament his Distress,
 For which the fond Shepherd, can hope no Redress,
 Should his Daphne return, it were vain to believe,
 She e'er could be constant, who once could deceive.

SONG IV.

Vio:1^{mo}

Allegro Moderato

Vio:2^d

Allegro Moderato

Basso

When Reason and Merit, give Sanction to love, How can Ye, Ye

Sym

fair Ones, my Passion re - prove, How can Ye, Ye fair Ones, my Passion re - prove;

For none, but the Prude my fond

Pas-sion dis-dains, And She boasts of Vir-tue, which yet She but feigns, For

none but the Prude, my fond Pas-sion dis-dains, And She boasts of Virtue, which

yet She but feigns.

Sym:

2
Gentle is my Damon, engaging his Air,
And his Cheeks, like the Morn, are both ruddy, and fair,
No Vanity sways him, no Folly is seen,
But open his Temper, and Noble his Mein.

3
His looks are good-humour'd, he's cheerfull, and gay,
And his Voice can, like Music, chase Sorrow away,
Of an affable Sweetness, that dwells on his Speech,
He's willing to learn tho' he's able to teach.

4
He's promis'd to love me, as long as I live,
And his Heart is too honest, to let him deceive,
Then Blame me, Ye Virgins, if Justly Ye can,
For 'tis Virtue, and Honour, distinguish the Man.

SONG. V.

Vio 1^{mo}

Allegro

Vio 2^d

Allegro

Basso -

Re-solv'd as her Poet, of Cælia to sing, For I-deas of Beauty, I've search'd thro' Spring to

Flow-ers soft blooming, com-pard the sweet Maid But Flowers tho' blooming, at Ev'ning will fade;

Of Sun shine and Breezes, I next thought to write, Of the Breezes I

soft, and the Sun-shine so bright, But these with my Fair, no Re-semblance will hold, for the Sun sets, at

Sym:

Night, & the Breezes grow cold.

The Clouds of mild Ev'ning, array'd in pale Blue,
 While the Sun-beams behind them, peep'd glitt'ring thro',
 Tho' to rival her Charms, they can never arise,
 Yet we thought they look'd something like Cælia's bright ^{Eyes;}
 These Beauties are transient, but Cælia will last,
 When Spring, and when Summer, and Autumn are past,
 For Sense, and good Humour, no Season disarms,
 And the Soul of my Cælia enlivens her Charms;

At length, on a Fruit Tree, a Blossom I found,
 Which Beauty display'd, and shed Fragrance around,
 I then thought the Muses, had smil'd on my Pray'r,
 This Blossom I cry'd, will resemble my Fair;
 These Colours so gay, and united so well,
 This delicate Texture, and ravishing smell,
 Be her Persons sweet Emblem, but where shall I find,
 In Nature a Beauty, to equal her Mind.

This Blossom so pleasing, at Summers gay Call,
 Must languish at first, and afterwards fall,
 But behind it the fruit, its Successor shall rise,
 By Nature dis-rob'd of its beautiful disguise,
 So Cælia when Youth that gay Blossom is o'er,
 By her Virtues improv'd shall engage me the more,
 Shall recall ev'ry Beauty, that brighten'd her Prime,
 When her Merit is ripen'd, by love, and by Time.

SONG. VI.

Allegro

Term full as long as the Seige of old Troy; To win a sweet Girl, I my Time did employ; Oft

urg'd her the day, for our Marriage to set, as often she answer'd tis Time enough yet;

Time enough yet, Time enough yet, As often she answer'd tis Time enough yet;

I told her at last, that her Notions were wrong, And

more that I scorn'd to be fool'd with so long, She burst out a laughing, at seeing me fret, and

humming a Tune, cry'd 'tis Time enough yet; Time enough yet; Time enough yet; And

humming a Tune, cry'd 'tis Time enough yet.

2

Determin'd by her to be laugh'd at no more,
 I flew from her Prefence, and bound'd out of Door,
 Resolv'd of her Usage the better to get,
 Or on her my Eyes again never to set,
 To me the next Morning, her Maid came in haste,
 And beg'd for God sake, I'd forget what was past,
 Declar'd her Young Lady, did nothing but fret,
 I told her I'd think on't, 'twas Time enough Yet.

3

She next in a Letter as long as my Arm,
 Declar'd from her Soul, she intended no harm,
 And beg'd I a Day for our Marriage would set;
 I wrote her for Answer, 'Twas Time enough Yet;
 But that was scarce gone when a Message I sent,
 To shew in my heart, I began to relent,
 I beg'd I might see her, together we met,
 We kiss'd and were friends again, so we are yet.

SONG. VII.

Vio: 1^{mo}Vio: 2^d

Basso

Allegro Moderato

Allegro Moderato

How plea-sant

does the Plain appear, when e'er my lovely PHE-RE'S there When e'er my lovely PHE-RE'S

Sym:

there,

And ev'-ry ob-ject fills my

Sym:

Eye, With sweet delights when she is by, With sweet delights when she is by.

2

The Feather'd Choirest of the Spring,
 When she is present, sweetly sing,
 And as they tune their thrilling lays,
 They seem to warble PHEBE'S Praise.

3

The cristal Stream, and purling Rill,
 That glides beneath yon lofty Hill,
 In gentle Murmers both declare,
 That PHEBE'S fairest of the Fair.

4

The Lilly, and the Rose bud too,
 When she is present loose their Hue,
 Their Charms no more attract my Sight,
 For none but hers can yield Delight.

5

Thrice happy all the live long Day,
 With her, I'd chace the Hours away,
 No other Joy I'd wish to prove,
 If once but blest with PHEBE'S Love.

SONG. VIII.

The Words by Miss Pitfield

Vio: 1^{mo}

Tempo Moderato

Vio: 2^{do}

Tempo Moderato

Basso

O! think not Da-mon I dis-dain a

Heart so pure as thine, O! think not Da-mon I disdain a Heart so pure as

thine,

A---las I wish for Pow'r to gain, And to confirm it mine, A---

---las I wish, for Pow'r to gain and to confirm it mine.

2
Love makes it's entry at the Eyes,
When Youth, and Beauty, fires,
But Oh! the Passion fades and dies,
As its first Cause expires.

3
Lo' Time has trumpl'd o'er my Face,
And ruffled ev'ry Charm,
Nor has it left me there one grace,
That can the lover warm.

4
Ev'n Wit grows Folly too with Age,
And all its Pow'rs decay,
Vain are all Efforts to engage,
In Life's declining Ray.

5
Then soften what we can't redress,
This my request approve,
Let me in thee, the Friend possess,
Tho' fate forbids thy Love.

SONG. IX.

The Words By M^r St AubynVio: 1^{mo}

Allegro

Vio: 2^{do}

Allegro

Basso

Twas once when bright PHŒBUS the God of the Day, had half thro' the Heavens, compleated his

way, had half thro' the Heavens compleated his way;

And y^e Flocks scarce supporting, the fierce glowing Heat, All sought in y^e Wood lands, a gratefull Retreat;

That Pol-ly, and Bet-sey, fair Nymphs of the Grove, lay re-

Flauto

Vio:

-clind in an ar-bour dis-courfing of Love.

2
Methinks; my dear Betsy your Notions are strange,
Pray take my Advice, and at Liberty range,
I ne'er yet experienc'd what tis to be true,
But as Fancy still dictates my Pleasur pursue,
To be constant, who can with that Maxim comply,
I cant to such Nonfence conform no not I.

3
See th' Birds that are chirping, on yonder green spray,
What Mortals so happy, so happy as they,
No Vows e'er constrain them, no Promises bind,
But in each feather'd Songster, a Lover they find,
Then follow those Precepts, Varietv prove,
For none but mere Fools, are now constant in Love.

4
Indeed faithless Maid, you but argue in vain,
For true to my Strephon, I'll ever remain,
Deceiv'd by your cunning, a Dupe to your Art,
A while cruel Maid, you possest his fond Heart,
Yet you quickly prov'd false, tho you vow'd to be true,
Nor dreaded the fate, which to Perjury's due.

5
To my Hearts friendly Dictates then kindly give Ear,
If you'd chuse to be happy, be always sincere,
The Lovers by whom you're now fondly caress'd,
Your falsehood discover'd, your charms will detest,
Then take my Advice, and Sincerity prove,
None but Jilts, and Coquets, are inconstant in Love.

SONG. X.

Vio: 1.^{mo}

Allegro

Vio: 2.^{do}

Allegro

Basso

Ye Swains did ye

see e'er a Fair Trip carelessly over yon Mead; Trip carelessly ov-er yon

Sym;

Mead; With Ringlets of soft Flowing Hair,

And Garlands of Flow'rs on her Head, With Ringlets of soft Flowing Hair, And Garlands of

Flow'rs on her Head.

2
 With Heav'n in her Aspect and Eye
 Her Cheeks like the Blush of the Rose,
 Her Lips of the Cherrys deep die,
 Her Breast Virgin Lillies compose.

3
 She fill'd me with Love, and Surprise,
 For sure like a Seraph she sings,
 I'd ha' swore she had dropt from the Skies,
 But did not observe she had Wings.

4
 Some thought it was Venus th' Queen,
 With those I could almost agree,
 So lovely her Air, and her Mien,
 'Twas certainly Emma, or She.

SONG . XI.

Trav.^a 1.^{mo} Andante

Trav.^a 2.^{do} Andante

Flauto Piccolo con Vio: 1.^{mo} Andante

Vio: 2.^{do} Andante

Voice Andante

Basso

The wake full Night in

=gale, that takes no Rest, that takes no Rest, When Cupid warms his little Breast, when

Cupid warms his little Breast; The

wake-full Night in--gale, that takes no Rest, that takes no Rest, when Cu--pid warms his

6 $\flat 7$ 5 # 6 # 6 $\flat 7$ 5 6

lit-tle Brest, When Cupid warms his little Brest; All Night how sad-ly

3 6 4 7 6 6 4 5 # 6 4 5 # 6 # 6

he complains And makes us fear that Love has Pains, And makes us fear tha Love has Pains,

No, No, No 'tis no such thing, for

Love that makes him wakefull, makes him sing. For Love that makes him wakefull makes him sing.

A handwritten musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written on six staves. The first five staves are in treble clef, and the sixth staff is in bass clef. The music is in 2/4 time, indicated by the '2' and '4' in the bottom right. The melody is simple and catchy, with a repeating pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics 'The Rose Tree' are written below the first staff. The score is written in ink on aged paper.

SONG. XII.

27

Allegro

Let fa ges with fu -

perflous Pains, The learn - ed Page de - vour, whilst Flo - rio better Knowledge drains, from each in -

structive Flow'r; His fav' rite Rose, his fear a -

larms, all op - ening to the Sun, Like vain Co - quets, who spread their Charms, and shine to

be un - done, And shine to be undone.

2
The Tulip gaudy in its Dress,
And made for nought but Show,
In ev'ry Sense, may well express,
The glittering empty Beau;
The Snow-drop first, but peeps to Light,
And fearfull shews its head,
Thus modest Merit, shines more bright,
By Self distrust mislead.

3
Th Aricula thro' Labour rose,
Which shines compleat by Art,
The force of Education shews,
How much it can impart,
He marks the Sensitives nice fit,
Nor fears he to proclaim,
If such mans darling Vice were hit,
That he would act the same.

4
Beneath each common Hedge he views,
The Violet with Care,
Hinting we should not Worth refuse,
Altho we find it there;
The Tuberoze that so lofty springs,
Nor can support its Height,
Well represents imperious Kings,
Grown impotent by Might.

5
Fragrant, tho' pale the Lilly blows,
To teach the female Breast,
How Virtue can its Sweets disclose,
In all Complexions drest,
To ev'ry Bloom, that crowns the Year,
Nature some Charm decrees,
Learn hence ye Nymphs, her face to wear,
Ye cannot fail to please.

A CANTATA

Recit:^e

Deep in the close Recefles of a Wood; A cryftal Fountain pour'd its cooling Flood;

Wide fpreading Trees their fpacious Limbs display'd, yielding in Summer's Heat a gratefull Shade,

The chafte DIANA fought this cool Retreat Fatigu'd with Hunting, and the mid-day Heat, con =

= ceal'd from view, a - fide her Robes were flung, And full of Charms, in to the Stream She fprung;

The young ACTÆON heated by the Chace, By fate impell'd fought out the well known Place, The

Goddeß there he view'd with wond'ring Eyes: And thus exprefs'd his Pafs'on and Surprize.

Air

Viol: 1^{mo}

Amoroso

Viol: 2^{do}

Amoroso

B: Cso

Lovely Goddess blooming Fair, Bleft with never fading Charms, Bleft with never fading Charms;

Hear, Oh! hear! a Lovers Pray'r, Hear Oh! hear! a Lovers

Pray'r, Oh! re - ceive him to your Arms, Oh! re - ceive him to your Armes

Let me clasp thee to my Breaft,
 Let me take my fill of Joy,
 Make, Oh! make, a Lover Bleft,
 Bleft with Charms, that ne'er can cloy.

Ne'er did Beauty thus before; warm my Soul, with am'rous Fire; warm my Soul, with am'rous

Fire;

sure 'tis Venus I a-dore, sure 'tis

Venus I a-dore, Ve - - nus Queen of soft de - fire.

D.C.

D.C.

D.C.

D.C.

Recit^e

Awhile confus'd, the Goddess hung her Head, hiding her Face with crimson Blushes

Spread, At length recover'd from the deep surprize, Whilst Anger flash'd from her disdainfull Eyes,

Sparkling with Rage the Goddess silence broke, And thus indignant Chaste DIANA spoke,

Air. *Allegro Spiritoso*

Wretch, that durst with Eyes im-pure, Thus my chaste Retreat profane, Thus my

chaste Retreat profane,

Think not to depart se-cure, Think not to de-part se-cure, For those Eyes shall be thy Ruine,

For those Eyes shall be thy Bane;

Hence then for thy bold In-tru-sion, thou another Form shalt wear, thou another Form shalt

wear; Quickly then, to thy Con-fu-sion, Quit that Form, and

be a Deer, Quit that Form, and be a Deer.

Recit.

This said the Man began to disappear, By flow Degrees, and ended in a Deer. A

rising Horn on either Brow he wears, and stretches out his Neck, and pricks his Ears;

Rough is his Skin, with sudden Hairs o'er grown, His Bosom pants with

Fear, before unknown; Transform'd at Length, he flies away in Haste, And wonders why he flies away so fast.

Cloſe at his Heels with Terror He eſpies, His op'ning Hounds, and hears their hideous Cries.

Corno 1^{mo}Corno 2^{do}

Violino

Air

Voice

Basso

Allegro

Allegro

Allegro 7

6

6

See o'er the wide Forest, see,

see, how he bounds, while the Hunters pursue him with Horns, and with Hounds;

While the Hunters pursue Him with Horns, and with Hounds;

A - way from their

Thunder, like Light'ning He flies while the Woodlands reecho re-echo their Cries;

re - eccho their Cries; re - eccho their Cries; While the Woodlands reeccho their

Cries; The Hounds they prefs forwardsy

Stag in full View, And the swifter He flys, the more swift they pursue; And the

swifter He Flys, the more swift they pursue; To 'scape from Destruction; how

Vainly He trys, till with panting grown faint; falls trembles, and dies; 'Till with.

panting, panting, panting grown faint falls, trem - bles,

trem - bles; trem - bles and dies, falls, trembles, falls, trembles and dies, dies;

dies; falls, trembles, falls, trembles and dies.

